

Craig Finn

"Not Much Left Of Us"

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He said I'd like to go back
But we can't go back
Man I'd seek off tomorrow if I had any cash
Cigarettes got the best of us
There's not much left of us

And there's still a little bit
We can split it up
I can walk by the park
And see if anything's up
Sometimes lonely is easy, sometimes together's too
tough
There's not much left of us

The part that remains
It's rotten and bruised
The soft spot on the piece of fruit
We can cut off the black
And eat up the rest
That's probably what we're gonna do
And from what I understand
He's just some boy with a band

When I walked by the park
You were holding his hand
And dropped it like it was hot to the touch
There's not much left of us

So you went with him
Down to Birmingham
Stayed in some fancy hotel on a credit card scam
You left in a limo, came back on a bus
Without much left of us

The part that remains
It's rotten and bruised
Soft spot on the passion fruit
You can cut off the black
Feast on the rest
There're nights I'm still in love with you

And the dreams they come

And they won't go away
I keep saying the things that we don't want to say
Up on the sun and down to the bone
There's not much left of us

Cause you went with him

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